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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE RETURN

He sought the old scenes with eager feet—
The scenes he had known as a boy;
"Oh, for a draught of those fountains
sweet,
And a taste of that vanished joy!"

He roamed the fields, he mused by the streams
He threaded the paths and lanes;
On the hills he sought his youthful
dreams,
In the woods to forget his pains.

Oh, sad, sad hills; oh, cold, cold hearth!
In sorrow he learned thy truth—
One may go back to the place of his
birth—
He can not go back to his youth.

—John Burroughs.

NOTHING'S IMPOSSIBLE.

By Malcolm B. Moran

"See this morning's paper?" Mr. Cunningham asked.

"I glanced through it coming down on the car, sir," Tad Brownlee replied.

"Noticed the Associated Architects contest, I suppose?" Mr. Cunningham had hung his coat on the back of the door and was slipping on his black sleeve covers.

"Yes, sir," Tad replied. "It will be a great thing for some fellow."

Mr. Cunningham glanced across the top of his glasses at the younger man. "You're going to have a crack at it, aren't you?" he asked.

Tad Brownlee pushed the point of his pen slowly round the head of a thumb tack. "I'd like to mighty well," he said. "But—but I don't think I ought to try."

"For goodness' sake, why? Between what you've dug out of library books, what you've learned from practical experience and what I've given you, you've a better training than ninety per cent of the boys at Tech; and you have the natural eye and ability of an architect. Remember that age limit bars most professionals."

"Yes, I know; it isn't that. I'm conceited enough to think that I'd have a fair chance of winning. But you see, mother—well, since father died, we've had to sail pretty close, and she needs my help."

"Two years in Europe is a big thing for an architect."

"I know, sir, but I'm afraid it's impossible."

"But nothing's impossible, Brownlee!"

For a moment Tad stared silently at the bent back of the man across from him. Ordinarily Mr. Cunningham's advice was pretty sound, but that last remark did not seem so, or, at least, it did not sound practical. Tad could not see how he could leave his mother for two whole years without income while he went off to Europe to study architecture. Half an hour of silence followed. Then, after clearing his throat once or twice, Mr. Cunningham looked up.

"Let your work slide for a few minutes, Tad," he said. "I have a proposition to make you." He came over and stood beside the boy's table. "You've been working here with me more than three years now," he went on. "I've watched you closely and know that you have remarkable ability; it would be a shame for you not to have the advantage of studying abroad. Here's my proposition. You go in for this cottage contest, and if you win the prize I'll pay you your present salary while you are away, in order to be sure of having you back in my office for a partner when you return."

"But you can't afford to do that, Mr. Cunningham!" Tad exclaimed.

"It's a good investment for two reasons—first, the publicity I get by having a man from my office win; second, the assurance of a good team mate to shoulder the weight of the work two years from now."

Tad bit the end of his pencil thoughtfully for a moment. Opportunity was certainly knocking heavily at his door. He could not let the chance pass. He extended his hand. "It's go, sir; only we'll consider the money a loan to be paid back within two years after the partnership is formed. It's mighty good of you."

From that day Tad worked on his Columbine Cottage every evening and part of the noon hours. Finally, the last plate was finished. As he bent above it he was very happy. It was eleven o'clock, and he would have to go home in the rain without his overcoat, but what he had done was well worth it. Mr. Cunningham

had looked the plans over just before he left and had praised them enthusiastically and confidently. In the morning Tad would send in the precious drawings. They would get to the committee with a day to spare, he figured. A week later he would know the decision.

A drop of water struck the back of his neck and ran down under his collar. He looked up. Another drop was already forming in the centre of the wet spot on the ceiling directly over the drafting table. He watched it grow large, stretch downward, and fall. It seemed to hypnotize him. But as it broke against the unroofed surface of the treasured cottage, he snatched up a blotter and quickly absorbed the bits of moisture.

"Morris must have left his window open," the boy said to himself.

He grasped the edge of the heavy table and was about to drag it to one side, then stopped, emptied a green pottery bowl and placed it over the wet spot. "That'll keep it from draining through ten floors to the basement; I'll hike up and cut off the supply."

As he turned, another drop fell from the plaster and struck squarely in the bowl.

The windows in the James Building were made up of two large sashes, each which contained a single pane of heavy plate glass. Both could be raised and lowered easily because of old-fashioned counterweights that ran up and down in the casing. But a sash cord had apparently broken in Morris's office, and the upper half of the window had dropped to a position only a couple of inches higher than the lower.

Tad tried to push it up, but could not move it. He hooked the fingers of both hands over the top of the lower sash and pulled himself to a standing position on the broad window sill. But as his weight jerked inward on the lower sash the upper sash slipped downward, and the sharp edge of its moulding cut tight across the knuckles of both hands. He was held securely.

It was several minutes before the boy realized the awkwardness of his position. He pulled until the joints of his fingers ached and jerked until they were bleeding. It was of no use. The sharp edge of the moulding pressed against his knuckles with all the weight of the heavy window, and he could not pull his fingers out of the trap. He stood for a time contemplating the situation. There was no particular danger connected with it; sometime early in the morning the janitor would come in to clean up the office. But meanwhile the rain was beating in on him and drenching him to the skin. And in the room below, drop by drop, the little green bowl was filling.

He tried to estimate how long it would be before the bowl overflowed. The drops were falling at about twelve a minute, he thought. Roughly, there must be about eighteen drops to a teaspoon; he guessed that the bowl would hold sixty spoonfuls before the water would spatter out on the drawing. That gave him an hour and a half in which to free himself. If he did not get out of the trap in that time the water almost certainly would overflow the bowl and ruin the drawing; and in the day that remained before the contest closed he could not possibly make another. About fifteen minutes of the hour and a half had already gone, he thought.

It was useless to try to lift the heavy sash with the backs of his finger tips or by pulling up on it with his teeth. He leaned forward and saw the theatre crowd on the sidewalk far below. If he could only attract some one's attention! He whistled shrilly, but no one even paused. Then he remembered the pencil stuck above his ear. Perhaps if some one would look up. He pushed it loose with his shoulder and watched it whirl downward toward the light. As it struck the pavement a pedestrian stopped, picked it up and looked to see where it came from. Tad waved his head violently, but uselessly. The man stuck the pencil in his pocket and went on his way.

The boy was in despair. Then Mr. Cunningham's words came back to him: "Nothing's impossible, Brownlee!"

Tad smiled grimly. "I'd like to see how he'd figure this out," he muttered. "But there must be a solu-

tion," he added, with fresh determination.

He glanced down at his feet. If he kicked out the glass, that would certainly attract attention from below—and possibly kill some one. No, he could not take that chance. But he must hurry. A great deal of time had passed. Probably the drops had quickened. Maybe even now—Like a flash, it was all clear to him. Why had he not thought of it before?

With the toe of his shoe he tapped gently at the inner pane until a corner cracked across and fell out. Nervously he watched it drop back, slide under the bottom of the outer sash and rest on the cement ledge. Then he pushed the toe of his shoe through the opening, squeezed the end of the wide sole under the edge of the outer sash—it went just far enough to give the necessary purchase—and pried upward. As the moulding rose slightly he jerked his fingers free. In a few seconds he had slipped the last plate of Columbine Cottage from under the half-filled bowl.

A week later he was receiving congratulations.

"As soon as you get to London," Mr. Cunningham said, "I want you to do something for me, if you possibly can. You may have trouble."

"Nothing's impossible," Tad reminded him.

A Modern Pirate

The Arab is still a pirate at heart. Though his methods have changed since the days when the pirate states of Barbary dominated the Mediterranean, he still has his eye on the next man's purse. The witty old Arab guide that Mr. Willard Price tells about in *Travel* was in point of avarice and guile a worthy descendant of the ancient corsairs.

One evening, says Mr. Price, while I was in a hotel at Tunis an Englishman whom I did not know came to my table. "Did you know that your guide is a notorious character?" he asked.

I did not know it. I knew only that Okba, my guide, had a chest like a bantam's and a step like a peacock's.

"You will do well to keep him," said the Englishman. "He has such a kingly manner that he can get you into places that are closed to other guides. But don't let him fool you with any stories."

Then he told me how Okba had become notorious. A wealthy English family had come to Tunis in their private yacht. The blood of Okba's pirate ancestors at once began to stir in his veins. He borrowed some magnificent clothes and garbed his imposing figure in them. Then he went to the rich Englishman and told him that he was the son of the Bey—for the Bey of Tunis still exists as a figurehead under the French protectorate.

"The Bey has known of your coming," said Okba, "and regrets exceedingly that it has been necessary for him to leave the city. However, has requested that I personally conduct you through his palace and show you the wonders of Tunis."

Any one may go through the less private parts of the Bey's palace, but the visitors did not know it. They were flattered at the thought of being conducted through the Bey's own mansion by the Bey's own son!

For two days the proud young "heir to the beydom" feasted his guests in the best hotels, but never in the palace. He explained that the Bey's brother had just died and that the palace was in mourning.

When the Englishman was about to depart he said, "Is there not some return we can make for your very great kindness to us?"

"Your presence in our city is a more than sufficient return," Okba replied grandly.

"But surely you will permit us to cover the bare cost of our entertainment," said Okba, and the Englishman proffered three hundred francs.

Okba was terribly shocked and pained. The Englishman, perceiving how deeply he had pierced his host's sensitive soul, made profuse apologies. The "Bey's son" gradually softened. "I pardon your error," he said at last. "And I will let you do as you wish, but not quite in the way you suggest. For myself or my father I can accept nothing."

But my father has a chest for the poor."

The Englishman pressed into Okba's hands five thousand francs "for the poor."

When the Bey learned that Okba had posed as his son he sent him to prison for three years. I remember that when Okba took me through the public parts of the Bey's place the guards continually joked him. Perhaps they were inquiring after the welfare of the "Bey's son" and asking how much the American was to contribute to the "poor chest."

ROBERT E. LEE IN HISTORY.

Gamaliel Bradford writing in the *New York Times Magazine* gives a Northerner's estimate of the famous southern general, brought to the front of discussion again by the announcement that William Harris has in preparation John Drinkwater's "Robert E. Lee." Mr. Bradford writes in part:

"M. Drinkwater's dramatic representation of General Lee is bound to draw popular attention to one of the greatest figures in American history. The citizens of the Northern States are apt to think of him merely as an able soldier who fought against his country. It is perhaps well to present some considerations of rectification and consideration in this matter and bring out clearly Lee's high claims to the respect and love of his fellow countrymen everywhere."

"The enthusiasm of the South for Lee as a general goes without saying. I think I put it very conservatively when I say that he had proved himself the greatest soldier of the war, is not of history's general tone. But the commendation of unprejudiced foreign military students is almost as ardent. The English Henderson, whose 'Life of Jackson' remains one of the most competent books about the Civil War, is unqualified in his praise of Lee and Captain Baitine, who continued Henderson's work, of the Wilderness campaign: 'Even the glories of the campaign of France in 1814 and Frederick's wonderful defiance of his enemies in the seven years war, pale before Lee's astonishing performance.'"

"There can be no question that what Lee did in the matter of choosing between Washington and Virginia was done purely from the point of view of conscience. He was doing his duty as he saw it and doing it with reluctance and not with any view of benefit of aggrandizement to himself. No man saw better than he the probable issue of the struggle."

"The predominance of duty, not only in the supreme decision but in most other phases of Lee's life, has been so much emphasized that there was some danger of his being exalted to an altitude of disagreeable priggishness, as Washington used to be—but he was no prig, he was human. Above all he had the human grace of laughter—Ambition? We had forgotten ambition. Ambition would have led him to see command of the Northern armies. Politics was not his province. He would do his own work and nothing more."

The Drinkwater play opens in Richmond, Va., November 5th, and after playing Norfolk and Washington goes to a New York Theatre.

A Virginian named Collier has built an internal combustion engine that, he says, applies the power of the motor directly to the rim of the wheel without the intervention of a piston. He believes that it will triple the efficiency of automobile engines and enable a motor car to run fifty or sixty miles on a gallon of gasoline. Mr. Collier's engine has one spark plug, no pistons, no crank shaft and no gears. It has only 117 parts, whereas even the simplest of automobile engines have hitherto had more than three hundred. It is not unusual for inventors to be over sanguine about their achievements. We shall be interested to see whether this engine can do what is promised for it.—*The Youth's Companion.*

If our corns hurt us we grow like a dog with a sore ear.

Samuel De Champlain and the Indians

One of the best known and best loved Frenchmen who migrated to Canada in those early days, was Samuel Champlain.

In those days he won the name of "the father of New France," and what he did for young Canada has been told in many ways. Even yet, we hear echoes of his deeds and his name. In Lower Canada we find a beautiful lake bearing his name, because he first found it out; and there, too, is pointed out Champlain Street and Champlain Market, spots where in early days the great Frenchman had his home.

Champlain was an explorer. That is, he was a man who dearly loved to wander over all parts of the country, and find out all about it. He was a brave soldier, and very fond of adventures. When he came to the new country he wanted to travel all the great lakes and rivers, and try to find a path through the new world which would lead him into the old world.

But there was another great thing he hoped to do. He had a great love and pity for the poor red men, whose lives seemed to him to be so unhappy. They did not believe in his God, for one thing, and when he came to live amongst them he hoped to be able to make them good men and lovers of the true God.

But he soon found that work among the Indians was very hard work.

To begin with, all the red men living in wigwams were not good friends. We saw before that the different tribes were always fighting with each other. Now the strongest of these tribes, the ones which had the most power, were the Iroquois, or Five Nations.

These were very brave, fierce Indians, and they were always ready for war. They never spared any one, but rushed on their enemies with raised tomahawks, ready to do their worst.

The other tribes of Indians, mostly those called Hurons and Algonquins, were in great fear of these savage Iroquois, who showed neither pity nor fear.

When Champlain came to Canada to build up homes for all who cared to live in the new land, he tried at once to find the Indian villages which Cartier had visited.

But not a trace of Stadacona or Hochelaga could be seen. They had all been burned and ruined by the wars of the Iroquois.

Quite near to where the village of Stadacona had been, Champlain tried to start a new village. The place he picked out to build his fort was called by the Indians living around it "Kebec," meaning "a narrow place." Just at this point the great river St. Lawrence does become narrow, so the new village got its name Kebec.

Here Champlain set his men to clear away the thick trees and build a fort. This he called his home; here he made himself a garden, with flowers and vegetables in it, and here, some time afterwards, he brought his wife, Helen Champlain.

For four or five years this kind gentle lady from France lived in wild, stormy Canada. We remember her now by the name of an island near Montreal, called Helen's Isle, after the wife of Champlain.

She was very good, and brave, too, and won the hearts of the rough Indians. She loved to teach the squaws and their children.

The Indians round there were friendly to Champlain, and were very pleased with the lovely, white lady, his wife.

Like other French ladies of her time, she always carried a little mirror hung at her waist. The Indians would crowd round her, peering into it, to see their own faces. Then they said to each other that the white lady must love them very much, for she carried their pictures so close to her all the time.

The Huron and Algonquin Indians came to trust Champlain very much. They felt that he was their friend, and they asked him to visit their part of the country. They were quite willing that he should build a fort and teach them about his God, if he would only help them to fight the hated Iroquois.

This he promised to do, and went with them long journeys through the land, searching and ever finding

something that made him love the great, new land better than ever.

On one of these journeys he first saw the beautiful stretch of water, Lake Champlain. Not far from it lay the bark wigwam villages of the Iroquois. But oh! how he hated to see them torture the prisoners which they gained in the battle. He begged of them to set them free, but they were too fond of their tricks to do that, even for the "man of the iron breast," as they called Champlain.

Champlain had very hard times on his journeys with the Indians. They would not help him to explore the country at all. One time he had to spend a whole winter with them in the heart of the forest, for they would not take him home as they had promised.

He used to go with them hunting and fishing, and once he lost himself, and was in the forest all alone for days and nights without shelter. He went with them, too, on their long marches through mud and slush, or on snowshoes through the deep snow.

He had been away about a year before he got back to his little home at Quebec. By this time he had gone farther into the country than any other white man had ever been before. He had found out a good deal about the land, which he took care to tell to those at home in France. Now he thought to stay at home in Quebec and do good there.

At the foot of the beautiful mountain Cartier had liked so much, Mount Royal, he picked out a spot for another town. Here he could trade with the Indians, for they gladly brought their furs and shins to him. They trusted him, but not the other greedy fur traders, who were always cheating them. So Montreal was started by the "father of New France."

While Champlain was in Canada, the first missionaries or preachers came to Canada, from France. They were Jesuit priests, and they came to help Champlain to teach Christ's message to the poor red men. We shall soon see how they too, won the Indian hearts to love them by their kind words and deeds. But the brave kind leader, Champlain, did not stay long with his much-loved people in his well-loved land. When he died and left his two small towns, with no one to care for them, all Canada felt sorrow for the loss of one who had tried to do so much for her.

The Colonel and His Horse

Much has been written about the intelligence of horses, not so much about the affection they sometimes entertain for their masters. The following account, which a correspondent sends us, of an incident that happened during the War of 1812, would be almost unbelievable if trustworthy people did not vouch for it.

A certain colonel in the American army who had fallen ill was granted leave of absence to recuperate. He started out on his horse toward his home in Eastern Virginia. He and his horse had seen hard service together and both doubtless were looking forward longingly to rest and quiet. But the colonel had spent his last strength in the service of his country; before he reached home his illness increased. Anxious to be with his family, he continued to jog along as best he could, trusting much in his faithful horse. When and horse reached home safe, but within a few days the colonel died. The loyal companion of his labors and dangers in the field drew the light wagon that carried his body to its last resting place and stood by watching as they heaped the earth upon it.

The night after the colonel was buried the old war horse kept the family awake with his restlessness; for a long time the pawing of his fringed feet at the door of his stall prevented anyone in the household from sleeping. It was no use to try to quiet him; he would begin pawing again as soon as they left him alone. Worn out at last, the family fell asleep and left him struggling in his confinement.

In the morning they found the door of the stall battered to pieces and the old horse gone. After a long search they discovered him in the cemetery. He was pawing the earth from the new-made grave in an effort to get the master he loved. —*Youth's Companion.*

Self-Willed and Strong-Willed

The parents of young children usually view with complacency the determination of their offspring to have their own way. They may not let them have it, but they comment approvingly on the strength of character indicated by tenacity, however disagreeably it may be expressed.

"He has such a strong will!" the mother exclaims with satisfaction. "He'll know what he wants, and he'll go after it," agree the father. "Pretty good trait."

It is not unlikely that, as the years go on, many of these inexperienced and prejudiced parents will continue to confuse strength of desire with strength of will. But strength of desire does not always imply strength of will; sometimes it even seems to prevent the growth of strength of will. If, as is often the result under improper direction, it leads to self-indulgence, it certainly does not produce strength of will. The self-willed person is usually the one best given to practicing self-control; and there is no better test of the strength of a man's will than the degree to which he practices self-control. The will to attain is an excellent trait, but it can only be developed if with it there is developed equally the power to forgo.

Therefore the father and mother who rejoice over their children's manifestations of a strong purpose to possess themselves of whatever they want may be rejoicing prematurely. The wisdom or unwisdom of their guidance is likely to determine whether the child in whom they have such pride grows up self-willed, self-indulgent and ineffectual, or strong-willed, resolute and capable.

Tree Spared By Napoleon

Samma Lombardo, a small place about 30 miles from Milan, boasts the oldest tree in Italy, perhaps the oldest in Europe. It is a Cypress, and tree experts say its age is over 1,000 years. History has mentioned it more than once, probably because it grows near a spot where history has been rather busy.

King Francis I of France, running before his foes after the Battle of Pavia, in the 15th century, hacked part of its trunk with his sword—probably in irritation at his bad luck.

The tree is now a giant. Cypress trees are tall, rather rigid, very straight and give a peculiar sad nobility to those parts of Italian landscape where they flourish. But this one is taller than its brothers, cousins or uncles. It is 81 yards high, of 18 feet girth, and its deep green branches widen out toward the top to a circumference of 63 feet.

Napoleon, who respected few things when they came in his way, found this venerable tree in his path when planning the splendid road from Milan to the Simplon Pass. But he gave orders that the road should go out of its straight course here to save the cypress.—*Ez.*

Hugh Jennings Says—

I have always contended that a boy who desires to become a successful man in any walk of life must first practice self-control. This means self-control, not only in curbing the temper, but also in controlling passion for drink and other evils.

The necessary qualification for a man is adherence to the laws of the Church, as well as those of his country. The young man who will follow the teachings of his pastor or parents will not go far wrong.

I have found in the baseball profession that the men who have made the greatest successes are those who are abstainers from alcoholic drinks, and the use of tobacco. Tobacco is the bane of the American boy's life, and is responsible for as many ruined constitutions as can be laid at the door of alcohol.

Cobb, Crawford, Johnson, Alexander, Mathewson, Eddie Collins, and in fact I can recall more than one hundred men, who are recognized as stars in the baseball profession, and do not smoke.

My advice to the young man is to steer himself against any form of dissipation, and there will then be no question as to his future success, not alone financially, and physically, but intellectually as well.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 1632 Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published, it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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\$500 Drive

At the banquet arranged under the auspices of the Greater New York Branch of the National Association of the Deaf, in honor of the one hundred and thirty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, one of the many speeches made was the report of the committee in charge of the "Gallaudet Statue Fund." A copy of the Statue of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet at Gallaudet College, is to be erected in Hartford, Ct.

The committee is headed by Dr. Thomas F. Fox. The total amount needed is five thousand dollars (\$5,000.00). The committee have on hand four thousand five hundred (\$4,500.00), so the balance is only five hundred dollars (\$500.00).

A special committee was appointed to help speed up the work and raise the extra five hundred dollars (\$500.00) before December 10th, 1923, so that the statue may be erected at the earliest date possible.

The special committee appointed is as follows:

MR. HARRY A. GILLEN, Chairman,
416 West 21st Street, New York City.

MISS VIRGINIA B. GALLAUDET,
Treasurer,
35 West 64th Street, New York City.

MR. JOHN O'BRIEN,
1003-38 Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MISS ANNA KLAUS,
428 East 159 Street, Bronx, N. Y.

MR. CHARLES SCHATZKIN,
1 Beekman Street, New York City.

Miss V. B. Gallaudet	\$10.00
Mr. Sylvester Fogarty	10.00
Miss Eleanor Sherman	5.00
Mr. James B. Gass	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Gillen	5.00
Mr. Charles Schatzkin	5.00
Miss Beatrice Chanler	5.00
Mr. John O'Brien	3.00
Miss H. G. Klaus	1.00
Mr. E. A. Hodgson	1.00
Mr. William Krieger	1.00
Mr. C. Wiemuth	1.00
Mr. J. Maxcy	50
Mrs. Baxter Clason	10.00
Miss C. Samson	2.00
Mr. Edison P. Gallaudet	10.00
Mrs. L. S. Fosmire	2.00
Mr. John Funk	1.00
Mr. William Renner	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. Graham	2.00
Mr. Gilbert Braddock	1.00
Mrs. J. McCluskey	5.00
Miss Judge	1.00
Mr. Moses Eisen	1.00
Mr. Joseph Halpert	1.00
Mr. Victor Anderson	50
Deaf-Mutes' Union League	25.00
Men's Club of St. Ann's Church	10.00
W. P. A. S., of St. Ann's Church	10.00
Mrs. M. B. Lounsbury	1.00
Miss A. Berley	25
Mrs. S. A. Fletcher	25
Mr. James B. Ford	100.00
Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Low	5.00
Mr. W. Buhle	5.00
N. F. S. D. Manhattan Div. No. 87	10.00
Members of Manhattan Div. No. 87	10.00
Mr. W. Meyers	50
Mr. B. Goldwater	2.00
Mr. S. Rosenberg	25
Mr. L. G. Moses	25
Mr. J. McManis	25
Mr. K. W. Morris	50
Mr. J. F. Hodges	50
Mr. Max Miller	50
Mr. J. Seandel	50
Mr. A. C. Bachrach	25
Mr. E. Kerner	50
Mr. W. Melis	25
Mr. A. Susman	25
Mr. M. Schnapp	25
Mr. Sobel	25
Mr. A. Hine	25
Mr. I. Bloom	25
Mr. M. O. Kremen	25
Mr. L. Hatowsky	50
Mr. L. Lovich	50
Mr. Max Hoffman	50
Mr. M. Wisotzky	50
Mr. J. S. Klein	50
Mr. N. W. Miller	25
Mr. S. Bramson	50
Mr. A. Miller	50
Mr. M. Lubin	50
Mr. H. Peters	1.00
Mr. Leo Berson	25
Mr. B. Elkin	25
Mr. A. Barr	25
Mr. S. Frankenheim	2.00
N. F. S. D. Brooklyn Div. No. 23	60.00
Clark Deaf-Mutes	25.00
V. B. G. of St. Ann's Church	10.00

Total to date: \$368.65

Gallaudet College.

Messrs. Birney Wright, '27 and Stanley Bondick, P. C., who have been sojourning in Sibley Hospital for the past two weeks, are back on the Green. Both chaps are well on the road to recovery.

Kelly H. Stevens, Esq., '20, ran down from Trenton to see the game with Camp Meade. and was also very much in evidence at our Hallowe'en party.

In Kelly H., the younger men as well as the rest of us find the most pronounced type of finished product and a genial Southern gentleman.

Mr. Clarence Baldwin, '23, is an other of that famous, '23, to come back to Washington to work. Its the G. P. O. as usual, and there's a reason.

A foot specialist from one of the leading shoe stores in town gave a lecture to the Co-eds on "Shoes and Feet." From our observations in College Hall, the price is the only thing wrong with shoes. Feet are O. K. as long as they don't get in the way at a dance.

One of the most popular events on our social calendar for the year, our annual Hallowe'en party, was held in the gym Saturday evening, following the big game with Camp Meade, and once again we look back upon it with most pleasant memories.

There were many original costumes and a few pre-original ones too. The members of the faculty along with several of the young teachers of the Kendall School who put over "Introducing the Hopkins family," certainly put over a scream. The entire family was present, even the baby in his carriage. This brand of "cuttin' up" shows there's still a little "youth" in the faculty.

Miss Mary E. Kannappell as "Spark Plug" won by a mile. Winning a box of "hay," Miss Emma Sandberg, as "Huckleberry Finn" came second. Then the Hopkins family.

Mr. Clarence Baldwin won the original prize on the men's side, with "Rosey" Rose second. We all had our pictures taken, then we had a dance before the party came to an end.

The members of the "Ways and Means" Committee which arranged the party are to be congratulated on the success of the event. Two of these men, Messrs. Lahn and Falk in spite of their exertions in the game during the afternoon worked tirelessly at the party.

The O. W. L. S. held a meeting in memory of the late Dr. Edward Allan Fay, Friday evening, November 2d, and the following program was arranged:

Lecture—Dr. Edward Allan Fay, Mrs. H. D. Drake.

Dr. Fay and the O. W. L. S.—Mrs. Erickson.

Story contest—Messrs. Markstadt, Marino, and Mason.

Monologue—The Evening Call, Miss Estelle Caldwell.

Declamation—"Lead Kindly Light," Miss Weina Edwards.

Critic—Miss Helen W. Pence.

The Preps were invited.

Sunday evening, November 4th the Y. W. C. A. held a meeting with the following program:

Opening Prayer—Lucilla Du Bose, P. C.

Hymn—"God of Mercy, God of Grace," Edythe Ozkan, '27.

Bible Stories—Marie Marino, '27 and Estelle Caldwell, '27.

Hymn—"Abide With Me," Gladys Hansen, P. C.

Benediction—Margaret Jackson, '25.

November the third, marked the first anniversary of the death of our beloved Dr. John Burton Hotchkiss.

The members of his fraternity, The Kappa Omnia, placed flowers under his portrait in the college chapel out of respect to his memory.

Gallaudet, 13 Camp Meade, 3

It was a husky bunch of officers and men that came over from Camp Meade Saturday, November 3d, and the crowd wasn't any too enthusiastic either at the kick off.

The first half was given to straight football by both sides, yet it wasn't devoid of thrills for twice did the soldier backs get entirely clear of our secondary defense and twice did little "Massy" Massinkoff spill those big men. He being the only man between them and our goal. The great weight of the soldier line began to tell and slowly, but surely they edged toward our goal. Then when the ball was only a few yards from the coveted line, the little blue men held, and three times the big men failed to gain.

The whistle blew ending the half.

Coach Hughes must have used a new list of adverbs and adjectives this time between the halves, for there was a serious determined look on the face of our lads when they trotted out on to the field to receive the kick off at the beginning of the second half. The big soldier booted a long one, and "Massy" thought it too close to the goal so "Langy" punted, and again the soldiers marched slowly down the field toward our goal. They had given up hope of going around the ends since Johnny Wallace backed by "Rosy" nailed their end up tight, as did Boatwright backed by Bob Bradley. So the soldiers resorted to busting the line where

a 25 lb. center flanked by two 250 lb. guards opened big holes over

the little men, yet Captain Langenberg was there to spill the opposing

backs as only "Langy" knows

the length of a shadow is governed by the position of the sun.

how. Then when the ball was some twenty yards from the goals, the fast wilting soldiers kicked a field goal.

The soldiers kicked off again, and here's the turning point of the game. Massy got away for a long run. Langenberg then dodged and twisted his way for 20 yards more to the ten yard mark. Rosy bust six yard more thru Lahn. The ball was four yards short and the crowd went wild. Langy was given the ball. The soldier line didn't open any this time, yet Langy leaped high over the soldier team, landing on his head across the goal.

Killian, who kicks goals in Philadelphia failed this time. But the spirit was in the little blue team, and it would not be denied. Rose caught the kick off and carried it back thirty yards. Mossy went thru the soldiers like drifting smoke for forty yards. Langy made eight. Rose made five. Bradley made five. Then Mossy again drifted his way thru the big men, this time he crossed the goal. Killian dreamed he was in Quaker City for a moment, and kicked goal.

Another kick off and another long run. Massy doing it again. Boatwright and Wallace had to leave the game at this point. Bradley Massinkoff and Langenberg all were making a steady march for the goal, when Bradley too turned his knee slightly and left the game.

The ball was in our possession on the twenty yard mark, when the final whistle blew. Then the tumult broke loose. The players were overjoyed with the outcome. Outweighed 30 pounds to the man, the little blue team had killed its goliath.

GALLAUDET, 13		CAMP MEADE 3
Camp Meade	Positions	Gallaudet
Danadick	L.E.	Wallace
Mrous	L.T.	Killian
Wylie	L.G.	Young
Signaigo	Center	Pucci
Watkins	R.G.	Falk
Bailey	R.T.	Lahn
Roberts	R.E.	Boatwright
Hodson	Q.B.	Massinkoff
Isham	L.H.	Rose
Haas	R.H.	Bradley
Savage	F.B.	Langenberg

Score by periods.

C. M. T. C.	0	0	3	0-3
Gallaudet	0	0	6	7-13

Substitutes—Danofsky for Boatwright, Szopa for Lahn, Lahn for Szopa, Bradley for Mannen for Wallace, Bamam for Lahn.

The next game is in Philadelphia, and everything point toward ours being the long end of the score.

OMAHA.

Three showers inside of a week is quite a record for Omaha folks, and here is how it happened: A miscellaneous shower was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Johnson in the Primary Hall sitting room at the Nebraska School, on Saturday evening, October 3d. It was gotten up by Messdames T. A. Clayton, O. M. Trenke and H. G. Long and Messrs. Delehoj and Zabel. It was a big surprise to the newlyweds and the gifts, both ornamental and useful, were hidden in different parts of the room, and the bride and groom compelled to search for them and guess what each contained. Congratulations and best wishes were showered on the happy couple, and refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hurt gave a shower the following Wednesday evening for Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Mowrey. The bride, formerly Miss Lottie Kindred, related how they stole a march on everybody and went to Council Bluffs on the morning after the storm and got married at the county court house with Mr. and Mrs. Gomme for witnesses. A large crowd was present, and Mr. and Mrs. Mowrey were well remembered with quite a variety of useful articles for the home. The party wound up with light refreshments.

Miss Esther Hanson, who is soon to marry David Ekstrom, was surprised with a miscellaneous shower by Mrs. L. R. Holway and Miss Katie Leerhof on the afternoon of the 13th. Miss Hanson was taken on a fake shopping trip, and was surprised to find a room full of guests awaiting her. The presents were packed in a tub and scrubbing pail appropriately decorated for the occasion and the strings tangled to a lot of the gifts caused a lot of amusement. She will doubtless enjoy keeping house with the many tokens of esteem she received that afternoon.

Omaha Division gave a Hallowe'en social in the Nebraska School gymnasium, Saturday evening, October 20th. Boxes of candy were the prizes, and Robert Brown, as usual was in luck. Bowling contests were popular and a rebate was given the winners. Pop corn was also sold. Someone started an endurance contest by seeing, who could hang on the trapeze by hands longest and Tom L. Anderson took the bacon at four minutes.

HAL.

We spend our time doing nothing, then how if we do not succeed.

A viper is a person who in a sly way does people harm.

CHICAGO.

HARVEST HOME

(To Dr. Philip J. Hasenstab)

Again the Autumn's golden spell,
The triumph of another year,
With rapturous voice bids all rejoice
Who breathe the breath of that glad sphere
Wherein exalted praises swell.

Another harvest-time—the same
To wearied eyes that long for change
As cheered the sky in years gone by,
Far back beyond dim memory's range—
To some the season's but a name.

But lo! to friends assembled here
This glorious Autumn came anew,
With meaning deep as sicklers reap
That cut the plenteous harvest through,
And find in zealous sweat good cheer.

For now a gala-day has come
That brings rejoicing to our clan
As here we greet in friendship sweet
One by the Master sent—a man—
One worthy of His harvest home.

God speed you, brother, on the way
Of faithful souls that nobly plod—
That zealous throng that triumphs on
The road the great Exemplar trod—
And bring you to His perfect day.

—J. H. McFarlane.

McFarlane's verses are far better than any I can indite to commemorate the 30th Anniversary of the Chicago Pastorate of the Rev. Philip J. Hasenstab. Hence, begging his pardon, I nail them to the masthead this week.

St. James M. E. Church, Ellis and 46th, was crowded on the 30th of October—30th anniversary on the 30th day. Three hearing Reverends, Wederspoon, Holt, and Flack, all paid glowing tributes to our M. E. pastor. Flack—a goliath, the exact counterpart of Mark Swain, who used to star in Keystone movies—can spell slowly on his fingers, and when Miss Constance Hasenstab declined to interpret a certain section of his address, he plainly spelled out a glowing tribute to the "beautiful daughters of the pastor." Chairman Rev. Henry Rutherford wound up with a impressive tribute to "my boss," after Mrs. Meagher had rendered McFarlane's poem heading this column.

Youngest members—John Carlson and Miss Lydia McNeil—presented the pastor with a green-gold seal ring, the gift of the congregation.

Little LeRoy Sharpnack, Marjorie Carlson, and Vivian Favorite each in turn presented him with envelopes containing a cash donation from the congregation; a check for \$30 from friends in Los Angeles; and a check for \$5 from Mrs. Hoffman (Grace Knight) in Terra Bella, Cal.

Refreshments were plenty of ice cream and cake. The cake of Mrs. Geo. Brashar was labeled with little red candies, "Pastor '93-'23, P. J. H." Among the out-of-town visitors were Otto Paulding, of Monaca. It is rumored that S. Teft Walker—best-beloved ex superintendent of our State school—lies seriously injured in his home-town of San Diego, Cal.

A deaf man named Johnson, from Denver, is alleged to have taken Walker for a ride in and around San Diego. Somehow the car turned turtle, pinning both men underneath. Johnson was killed and fears are expressed for Walker's recovery. All this is an unconfirmed rumor, and is hoped to be false. Walker was the man the N. A. D. had in mind to head the Department for the Deaf in the U. S. Bureau of Labor, had Congress passed our bill in the days before the World War.

Said the Herald and Examiner of October 26th, in the midnight pink edition:

HERE'S A FOOTBALL TEAM WHICH CAN'T TALK TO OFFICIALS

"There is one football team in the City League that never talks back to the officials, never yelps a sequence of cabalistic numerals, never gets downhearted when rival rooters make the welkin ring

"The players are all deaf-mutes. They represent the Silent A. C., the 250 deaf-mute members of which own outright a \$50,000 clubhouse at 5536 Indiana Avenue. Averaging only 155 pounds, they make creditable showings against much heavier elevens in possession of all five senses. In fact, the loss of their hearing makes them abnormally alert, and it is difficult in the extreme to slip over trick plays on the deaf lads.

"Their play is snappy, too, instead of a long string of code numerals, the quarter snaps a couple of simple signs on his agile digits, slaps his hands together and the play is on. The quarterback generally stands buttock to buttock against the center, receiving the ball from between his legs and passing without at any time taking his eyes off his own backfield. Consequently, fumbles are minimized."

The Silent A. C. plays the Gary Tees Sunday.

(That Gary game was called off by Gary).

For the first time in memory, both Chicago Sunday papers ran Gallaudet in their "Football Results" columns, October 28th. Previously Gallaudet's name appeared on an average in only one paper once a season, and always when Gallaudet lost. So it was a gala day when the Tribune, nearly a million circulation, and the Herald Examiner, over a million announced:

Gallaudet, 7 St. Joseph, 6

It is reported Washington critics are beginning to adjudge little Ted Hughes as the best football coach in the capitol city. Since Ted is a bona-fide deaf-mute, this will tickle everyone, both collegian and non-collegian alike. Ted studied in the University of Illinois coaches course last summer.

The October issue of *The Frat* is just a little better than the last. Jay Cooke Howard, whooping things up for the St. Paul convention, had a lay-out of the Aux-frat committee that excels anything seen in deaf periodicals in years. Among sayings of Solomon, Jr.: "Many a man seeketh office for the sole purpose of showing others how popular he be with the membership." With election of division officials approaching that sentence seems timely. (Chicago division has a bang-up set of officers this year, judging by the absence of kicking outside of division hall. The less kicking, the better the officers.) Charlie Kemp's "Division Notes" are not very exciting; he makes the best of what news he has, but news is scarce. Since the Atlanta convention voted to cut out division personals, and pattern *The Frat* after high-brow bankers' blue-book, division secretaries no longer care to waste time writing in on how Bill Schneider eloped with Theda Bara, or how Gervais Galenine outwitted his bootlegger, or how Theo. Beausoleil bought a chain of bootblack stands and now rolls around in a Roll-Royce. No pep. No spice. No ginger. When the N. F. S. D. was half its present size, *The Frat* was twice as interesting. There is certain to be an indignation caucus over this in St. Paul, and a move to enlarge *The Frat* to the status of a real magazine.

Mrs. Paul Martin is understood to have left for Los Angeles on the 31st, after a summer with her mother here. Mrs. John Bufka gave her a send-off party. Mrs. Martin states Paul has a good, steady situation as printer, out in that sunny clime. Coming home from work late one night—or early in the morning he saw a huge cluster of Cooper-Hewitt lights in a vacant lot, and on investigating found it was Charlie Chaplin being filmed. Owing to crowds, night furnishes Chaplin's only opportunity to get "out on location." Martin talked with Granville Redmond, the deaf artist who is one of Chaplin's favorite hangers-on.

Mrs. James Watson and her sister, who had been stopping with her for two weeks en route to California from Detroit, went to Milwaukee on the 20th, and spent two days with the son of Mrs. Watson. The Susan Wesley circle met at the Charles Sharpnack bungalow on the 18th. From October 12 to 26, Miss Constance Hasenstab was busy on her first long trip holding religious services, her itinerary embracing points from South Bend, Ind., to Des Moines, Iowa.

The game here between Burns' eleven from our state school in Jacksonville (the first time an I. S. D. team has ever performed in Chicago) and the best high school eleven of the season, Bowen, seems to be in doubt. Bowen expresses uncertainty of ability to secure grounds for November 17th.

Pach and Porter both wrote us that Kelly Stevens—who painted that striking cover of the *Silent Worker*—is deaf as a door-nail. He is a Gallaudet grad, now art teacher in the New Jersey school.

Chicago division—which usually holds its initiation smoker in the summer—held its annual affair this year on October 20th.

November 17th Mrs. Chas. Kemp will manage a bunco party at the Pas-Pas Club, the receipts to be allotted the Christmas Fund—thus making the customary panhandling unnecessary around Christmas.

The Sac has been engaged for that vaudeville of the frats, managed by Mrs. Meagher, on the 24th.

Chairldy Leiter gets credit for managing a successful Hallowe'en blow-out at the Sac, October 27th.

Prizes: Most comical costumes, Mrs. W. O'Neil and Washington Barrow; juvenile comical costumes, little Elaine Newman and her brother Maurice; high-score in all contests, Mrs. D. J. Padden. Attendance over two hundred.

The Pas Hallowe'en was also a success, attendance of 142. Profit was \$40. Local socials seem to be becoming better and better and more varied.

William O'Neil is back to winter in Chicago, after a successful summer on the road. Meeting countless silents in out-of-the-way cross-roads.

The Rev. G. F. Flick is back from a meeting of trustees of the Ohio Home for Aged Deaf, in Columbus; making the round trip in his Chevrolet.

The first inmate of our Home for Aged Deaf was admitted October 29th, Miss Ida Comley, aged 60, of Chicago.

Herbert Gunner was suddenly summoned to attend the funeral of his mother in Dallas, Texas, the middle of October.

Mrs. Fannie Hunter went to Aurora to see Mrs. I. Stroehler, who has returned after two years in California, and is in poor health.

The Joe Allen, of Kansas City, now working here as baker, is not the Joe Allen, of Goodyear football fame.

The wife of Coach Ted Hughes, of

Gallaudet, spent a few hours here on the 25th en route home from attending the funeral of her brother in Nebraska.

The mother of Mrs. C. Rose came from St. Louis, and will likely remain with her daughter for some time.

The Charles Russells, of LaSalle, attended the Sac Hallowe'en.

The father of Mrs. George Schriver went home to New York State on the 28th, after a week visit with his daughter.

D. M. Slight, a farmer from Cedar Falls, Iowa, and his son, are now residing here.

Mrs. Horace Perry is back after a month spent in Wisconsin, keeping house for her sister, who went to California.

The wife of the late Rev. B. R. Allabough is ill in a Chicago hospital.

Mrs. Ida Bishop, who had lived here with her daughter for some time, died on the 18th. Interment at Bloomington.

Mrs. Anna Harris is back after several months in her old home town, Atlanta. Mesdames Ingval Dahl and Joe Miller gave a birthday party to Mrs. David Padden on the 21st.

Miss Gwendolyn Caswell returned on the 7th, after about a month in Detroit.

William White paid a visit to friends in Detroit.

Dates ahead: November 16-17—Annual Bazaar, All Angels' Church. 17—Bunco at Pas; Oral ball; football. Bowen H. S. vs State School Deaf (now doubtful.) 24—Vaudeville at Sac, for frats. Harry Hyman lecture at Pas. 28—Farm dance at Sac. THE MEAGHERS.

SEATTLE.

The past two weeks we have heard a great deal about a healer or miracle man, who calls himself Brother Ishah, and has been making cures, or attempting to make them, in a large tent, which he rented in Kirkland. The doctors in Seattle objected to his locating within the city, so he had to find quarters outside. The healer wears a white robe and has his hair and beard long. He has been given a good deal of publicity in the Star, one of the smaller of the evening papers, and has not lacked for goodly sized attendances at his demonstrations. Attracted by the cures asserted to have been made about ten of our people have gone over to Kirkland at different times, and some of them have come more than once, but so far we have not heard of any one who has really had hearing restored. An eye-witness of a Saturday gathering in the tent at Kirkland, says there were over two hundred there, many diseased, blind, crippled, feeble-minded, and other wise afflicted sufferers being brought by their friends. Brother Ishah's demonstrations have now ended, and he has gone back to his home at Bolix, Miss.

Everett Hollenbeck, Louis Bartl, Pat Carney, and Thys Ferwerda are all working at Annacortes, in mills, and we understand there are about eight deaf boys there in all. Pat says the hunting around Annacortes is fine, and both duck and deer can be found in that vicinity.

The Frats had a social on the 27th at the Lutheran Church. It was a basket party, and the committee had announced a prize for the most artistic basket.

There was a good attendance, and the baskets were auctioned off. There were so many more boys than baskets, however, that not half of them were obtainable, and the committee consoled those who got left by serving them all the hot dogs and coffee they cared for. The prize for the most artistic basket went to Mrs. W. E. Brown. This basket was the last one to be auctioned off, and there was a lot of competitive bidding, it being finally knocked down to L. O. Christenson. It was a very elaborately trimmed basket, the handle having a number of small paper containers dangling from it, and being surmounted by a little pumpkin lantern. There were many bows and decorations of twirled and twisted paper in orange and black. Mr. Brown claims the credit for this work of art, saying that he spent an afternoon exercising his fancy on it; \$40 was realized for the Frat treasury from this basket sale.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

REGAN ORAL CLUB

On October 27th, Regan Oral Club, composed mostly of graduates of the Day Gaillardet School, held their first anniversary dinner at the Carroll Club. About twenty-six people were present, including members and a few teachers of the school, who were guest for the evening.

This banquet, the first of number to be held every year, was indeed a success.

Mr. Edward Farry presented Harry Hersch on behalf of the Regan Oral Club, a pair of solid gold cuff links, as a token of esteem for his wonderful work as a former first president the past year.

The officers of the Regan Oral Club are: Mr. Edward Farry, President; Josephine Donnelly, Vice-President; Ruth Klevit, Secretary; Edna Merkel, Treasurer, and Freda Goldwasser, Financial Secretary.

CHARLES D. NEWTON DEAD.

Mr. Charles D. Newton, Sr., formerly of Newark Valley, N. Y., died October 26th at 2 A.M., at the home of his son, Charles, Jr., 575 West 173d Street, New York City, of bronchial pneumonia.

Charles D. Newton was born in Owego, N. Y., on February 1st, 1860, and was a graduate of the New York Institution (Fanwood), where he learned the Printing trade under Edwin Allan Hodgson, M.A.

For many years after graduating Mr. Newton was an employee of the Owego Daily Record. For the past eighteen months he was associated with the J. D. McGuire Press, Inc., New York City, of which his son Charles, Jr., is superintendent.

Mr. Newton is survived by five sons: Charles D., Jr., of New York City; George A., of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Arthur, Edward and Harry, of Chicago, Ill.; three grand children, mother (81 years old), two sisters, Mrs. James Nicoll, of John son City, N. Y.; Mrs. C. H. Barton, of Owego, N. Y., and one brother, George A. Abbott, of Newark Valley, N. Y.

Funeral services were held Monday, October 29th, from the Chapel of the Church of Intercession, 155th Street and Broadway, New York City, and interment at Mt. Hope Cemetery, Westchester, N. Y.

H. A. D.

"From the Four Corners of the Globe" was the subject of an absorbing sermon delivered by Rev. A. J. Amateau at the Friday evening services, November 2d. His sign delivered was unusually clear-cut and effective, holding the rapt attention of the large audience until the end.

A new choir has been organized and the congregation was pleasantly surprised. Messrs. Charles Sussman, Leon Wincig and Louis Uhleberg rendered the 23d Psalm, while Mrs. H. Criswell and Miss Sallie E. Karten gave the closing hymn.

This Friday, the 9th, Rev. Amateau will speak on "Sportsmanship." Members and their friends are invited to attend.

Rev. John H. Kent entertained on Sunday evening, the 4th, with several stories dealing with "Discipline," rendered in his usual inimitable style.

HALLOWE'EEN PARTY

Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Nies celebrated All Hallows Eve at their home in Riverdale October 31st. The attic of their large house proved to be a suitable place for the event, and was accordingly decorated with orange crepe paper and with real leaves and boughs from the neighboring woods.

Black cats and pumpkin heads were other Halloween paraphernalia and were in evidence, as well as apples, cider and peanuts.

The social gathering was enlivened by games such as carrying chestnuts on a knife-blade, spearing cherries with a toothpick, "Going to Jerusalem," and trying to roll a hoop through the portals of a narrow door.

During the first moments of the evening the guests were masked as they came in, with Kn Klux hoods made out of paper.

The attic was fortified at first with an oil heater, which was soon dispensed with and put out of the way as no inconvenience was felt among the guests.

The evening was too short for all the conversation and acquaintance-renewing and frolicking desired. At the stroke of twelve, when the black cats and other supernatural powers went on strike, the company invaded the dining-room and parlor downstairs, where refreshments were served from the gayly-decorated and heavily-loaded dining-room table.

The following is the list of hobgoblins, who were present, with

their bewitching lady companions: Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McManis, Mr. and Mrs. H. Beuterman, Miss Beatrice Beuterman, Dr. and Mrs. E. La-Crosse, Mr. and Mrs. E. Kretschmer, Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Loew, Mr. and Mrs. P. Kemf, Mr. and Mrs. John Funk, Mr. and Mrs. Mannie Kaminsky, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gledhill, Mr. and Mrs. J. Williams; Misses Emily Adams, Florence Lewis, Doris Ballance, Alice Atkinson, Bella Pasrin, and Cecile Hunter, Messrs. K. Muir, J. Fitzgerald, C. Schatzkin, Henry Peters, S. Arthur Nies and G. Braddock.

On Wednesday, October 31st, Miss Martha Meyer, a graduate of the Lexington Avenue Institution, was married to Mr. Chris. Newman, who received his education at the Westchester School. After the ceremony a reception was held. Many relatives and friends of both the bride and groom were present, among whom ten were deaf-mutes. They received many beautiful presents.

Johnny Shea, is again in politics on the Democratic side, hereabouts. He has a circular out with a plea for the silent vote to be given a half dozen candidates at the election Tuesday of this week. Will his men try "Sure" says Johnny. In his heyday, Johnny Shea and Tammany Leader Murphy played ball on the same team.

This way or that Charley Schindler is a good winner or loser. Whether re-elected President of No. 23 or relegated to the ranks, Charley continues a Frat. Some thing to boast about, the passing of the half million mark, by the N. F. S. D.

The mother of Mrs. Isaac Goldberg recently celebrated her 91st birthday. With mind active and health good, her reaching the century milestone is anticipated.

Miss Rose Farber and Mr. Solomon Merlis were married on Sunday, October 28th.

Detroit Doings.

We regret to announce the retirement of our versatile correspondent and hustler in the person of our Mrs. C. C. Colby, after more than a score and ten years of an excellent service. She was compelled to retire on her doctor's orders as she has rather overworked herself. We all sincerely hope she will have a complete rest and restoration to good health. She is planning to go to Washington, D. C., next week and stay with her daughter, Mrs. Ruth Vernier until next Spring. Bon voyage and good luck to you, Mrs. Colby.

A pretty wedding was solemnized, Sunday afternoon, September 23d, at Groveland Farm, the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Bailey, at Gavelord, when their daughter, Lella May, was given in holy wedlock to Mr. Joseph Pastori, of Detroit. The young couple was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Porter, the latter being a sister of the bride. Two little tots (nieces of the bride) acted as flower girl and ring bearer. Elder Allen Schreier officiated at the ceremony. The home was attractively decorated in a color scheme of yellow and white and autumn leaves of pretty hues.

Following the ceremony a bounteous wedding dinner was served the guests, who composed the relatives and close friends of the family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Pastori after honeymooning in Grayling, came to Detroit, where they will make their home.

All Detroit deaf wish the popular young couple a successful voyage in the matrimonial sea.

About thirty people gathered at the Rheiner's house in honor of Mr. Rheiner's birthday. They played several good old fashioned games, and later partook of excellent refreshments.

Mr. Nelson read a beautiful poem, "Nearer God to Thee," and Mrs. Rollins told the party with a "Mother's Soldier" song. The guests departed for homes, and they sure had an excellent time.

Mr. and Mrs. Ornstein, of 526 E. Hancock Avenue, gave a linen shower party to Mr. and Mrs. M. Pernick, on October 27th. The house was decorated in a Halloween color scheme. All the friends of the family attended. The newlyweds were the recipients of several beautiful gifts. They all enjoyed the party. The couple has the wishes of their many Detroit friends for a happy married life.

Reno Arrowsmith sneaked to Oakland, Illinois, and brought back a charming bride in the person of a Miss Elsie Rice. They were married by a hearing priest there, October 20th. Best wishes for a happy married life.

Mrs. John Ulrich had a surprise birthday party at her home, October 13th. Received several nice presents. An excellent spread was enjoyed by all those present. The affair was ably engineered by Mrs. S. Goth.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Heymannson invited about fifty people together in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pas-

tori. Many beautiful and useful gifts were showered upon the popular young couple. They also received a beautiful tea set. Games were played to the enjoyment of all those present, and an appetizing and lovely refreshments were served to the guests. They reported a most enjoyable evening.

A sad mishap occurred some time ago, when Mr. Gattton tried to catch a car to work Monday morning, when he was hit by a truck. He was hurriedly brought to a Mt. Clemens Sanitarium where he is resting comfortably. His head was cut with a big gash. Mrs. Gattton never suspected of that accident until toward evening when her husband did not return home from work, and became somewhat alarmed. Upon inquiry at police headquarters, she hurried to Mt. Clemens and found him there. At the present time he is recovering rapidly.

Mrs. Petrimoult gave birth to a baby-girl, weighing eight pounds on the 3d of October. Mother and babe both are doing nicely.

An unusually large crowd attended the services at the St. John's Parish House last Sunday. Mr. Zhao Fong Hsia, of Ning Po, China, gave an interesting talk concerning the conditions in the Far East, where he reports that there are about two hundred thousand uneducated deaf in the struggling republic.

He is touring this country with the view of acquiring the knowledge of the American methods of teaching the deaf before going back to his country to take up his work. He did not learn sign language except fingers spelling. He expects to depart November 29th, and he says the trip will take him about four weeks to reach his destination. He hopes to reach home Christmas Eve. Some one in the audience inquired of him as to the source of the pig tails that had been worn by the Chinese. He said that when the Chinese conquered the Siberian army long ago, they raised pig tails as a sort of celebrating their victory. He is an interesting young man.

The write will strive to make the contribution from the Detroit district interesting to all the readers. He earnestly solicits your unlimited co-operation.

THE WELLS DUET.

OHIO.

(News items for this column may be sent to Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greiner, 929 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.)

November 3, 1923—The Columbus Ladies' Aid Society held the first in the Girls' Recreation Hall of the School Saturday afternoon and evening last, and held it tightly too from beginning till the end.

The weather favored them and hence the attendance was large, while some old faces at the gathering were missing, their absence was more than made up by new faces or those who have seldom made their presence known. There were several newly wedded couples on hand too. The interior of the hall and booths were bedecked of the Halloween decoration's variety, and were very attractive. The elder booth aside its other decorations had a shock of corn, covering the cider barrel and surrounded with pumpkins. Some of the latter were given away as prizes to those who held lucky tickets. There was a good sale of the drink at five cents a glass. The other booths had a rushing time during the evening, while the self-serve restaurant was eaten out long before the time came to close up 9:30. The menu was varied, appealing, and the things that tickle the palate at a reasonable price. We were informed that about \$250 were taken in from sales, that the expenses were small, as many of the articles were donated, so the society expects to clear \$200 more or less.

One of the features of the evening was the masquerade parade, while it was not a long line, yet the characters assumed were for the most part fine with a mixture of the comical whimsical.

The prize-winners were: Girls, prettiest, Glada Morrison and Helen Brushwood; most original, Evelyn Sayre. Boys: Handsomest, Luca Terrieri, and most original, Jacob Offenburger.

The above were each awarded \$1.50.

Coupon prizes: Mrs. Keller, prize, set of six dollies; Harvey Witter and Oliver Flanders, of Tiffin, prizes, box of candy each.

Those in attendance out-of-town were: Steven Leskosky and William Robb, of Bellaire; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Goetz, Mrs. Deavers and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. John Wigenhorn and son, Emmitt Burst and Misses Glasser and Zearfoss, all of Dayton; Harry Small, Howard Weber, John Schild Roy Craig, of Mansfield; Clarence Hill, Jesse C. Andes, Herman Tallent and Harry Wickham, of Toledo; Harvey and Calvin Witter from near Canton; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Morehouse with their

seven months old child, just a sweet dear, of Cynnet; Mr. and Mrs. Fred of Osborn, Mr. and Mrs. Emma Harris and Paul Hahn of Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. Merchant, Mrs. Landon and Huesbner, of Marion; John W. Eckert, of New Philadelphia; Mrs. Stokes and Mrs. McMarry, of Springfield; Clyde Bennett, Coshocton; Miss Maria Shackelford, Delaware; John Fox, Newark, and Oliver Flanders, Tiffin.

There may have been several others we did not meet.

Rev. Henry J. Pulver, of Washington, D. C., conducted services in Wheeling, West Va., Friday evening, and next day showed up here. Mr. MacGregor took him up to the Home for Deaf Saturday, which place he had often read about and was anxious to see what the Ohio deaf were doing in the way of caring for their aged, and infirm brothers and sisters. Well, he came, he saw and left with an impression of surprise that the Home is far beyond of what he had expected to find in size, location, condition and management. Its a lovely place he thought. Saturday evening, Rev. Pulver attended the social given by the Ladies' Aid Society, and thus had an opportunity to meet and mingle with a number of Ohio deaf. Sunday morning, he conducted services in Trinity Chapel with a large attendance, and in the afternoon he gave the service to the pupils of the schools. At both places his talks were appreciated, for his style of delivery is clear and readily comprehended. Rev. Pulver was a guest of the Zells at Grandview in the evening for tea to which had also been invited Mr. and Mrs. Zorn, Mr. and Miss MacGregor, Mr. and Mrs. Greener. Before and after the meal social, talk was the chief feature. He left Monday morning for Huntington, West Va., where he was to hold services for the deaf in the evening.

The Timken Roller Bearing Co., on Cleveland Avenue, this city, has at present these deaf employees: Ralph Ogden, Fred Sutton Charles Miller, Sam Lanham, Chester Sampson, Elmer McVicker and Thomas Liller. During vacation there were several girls employed there also.

October 25th, 1923, his Majesty, Stork, left Doris Ann, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Probert for them to raise.

The High Class girls gave a hallo-ween supper Friday evening, in the Domestic Science room, to which they invited the male members of the class. Superintendent and Mrs. Jones and Mr. LaFontaine. Their teachers, Miss Frost, Messrs. Wine miller and Odebrecht chaperoned them. After the meal Mr. LaFontaine led them down to the gymnasium, which they found beautifully festooned, and where for sometime they tripped the light fantastic, winding up with ice cream and cake.

A. B. G.

PHILADELPHIA.

(News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.)

At the regular meeting of Philadelphia Division, No. 30, N. F. S. D., on Friday evening November 2d, the following nominations of candidates for office were made: For President, Joseph V. Donohue, James Foster; for Vice-President, Jacob Golds ein, Fred Greiner; Secretary, James F. Brady; Treasurer, William L. Davis; Director, William Margolis, Robert Young; Sergeant-at-Arms, John Call; Trustee, James Foster. The election of officers will be held at the December meeting, also the month when to elect one or more delegates to the St. Paul Convention next year.

On November 24th, the Division will hold a Balloon and Fish Night at the Grand Fraternity Building, and on December 31st, a ball masque.

Bertha and Edith Kauffman, of Sondersburg had a surprise party in honor of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Kauffman on their 25th wedding anniversary, October 11th. There were 55 people present to surprise them. By arrangement Mrs. Jacob Lupolt, of Coatesville, took Mrs. Kauffman to Lancaster to take tea with her sister-in-law. Shortly after supper they both left for home and arrived there at 8:30. She unlocked the door and turned on the light as usual, but to her great surprise, she found the room full of people. It was also finely decorated. She received many beautiful gifts of silver and money which were appreciated. Lunch was served to all present; the ice cream was served in a variety of fruit forms, such as apples, pears, grapes, oranges, etc., delicious candies made by Miss Edith Kauffman were also served, and a small box trimmed with white flowers and containing nuts were given to each one present as a memento of the anniversary. Needlers to say, the affair was greatly enjoyed by all present.

A letter from Lancaster says that Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Rohrer's son was married to Miss Edna Eby, of Gordonville, Pa., on the 11th of October. They are now on a trip

to Ohio to visit relatives for two weeks. They will go to housekeeping next Spring on the farm of Mr. Rohrer's parents, who have recently purchased a home at Greenland and will move there. Their friends wish the couple a happy and prosperous life. On their return home a reception will be given.

Miss Esther Etter, the nine years old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Etter, of Lancaster, was gladdened by the receipt of many birthday cards on her last birthday, October 20th.

Beth Israel Association for the Deaf has been requested to take charge of the Fish Pond at a grand bazaar to be held in the week beginning November 19th, under the auspices of the Daughters of Beth Israel, at the Temple of Beth Israel.

The Board of Managers of the P. S. A. D. will hold its adjourned meeting on November 19th, somewhat later than was first proposed.

Mrs. M. L. Haight, of New York City, is sojourning in Philadelphia as a guest of Mrs. M. J. Syle.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Haessler turned up at a recent meeting of the Clero Literary Association, after a long absence from the city.

The elder sister of Mrs. Chas. M. Pennell died recently, and she has our sympathy.

The Atlantic Refinery employees had a beauty contest recently, and our James L. Patterson was selected as one of the most handsome employees. A cut of Mr. Patterson appeared among others in the Atlantic Seal, the monthly paper of the Refinery.

The Philadelphia Local Branch P. S. A. D., elected the following officers for the current year on October 20th: President, Geo. T. Sanders; Vice President, Mrs. Helen R. Smith; Secretary, Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders; Treasurer, Harry F. Smith.

Mr. Charles Partington, of this place, attended the banquet of the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society, in Commemoration of its 30th anniversary, at Newark, on Saturday, November 3d. He returned home on Monday. Mr. Partington was one of the original members of the Society.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Campbell are living in their Philadelphia home since the first of October. Their little farm near Doylestown is for sale, but while waiting for a purchaser, they are renting it for a couple of years. Mr. Campbell was quite ill during the summer, but she is about again.

The Strand Theatre of Doylestown gave two benefit performances for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf recently.

Mr. Chas. Schragar repeated his lecture on "Sight and Sound" before the Beth Israel Association for the Deaf on October 28th. It was first given before the Clero Literary Association.

FANWOOD.

Tonight the witches will ride, will ride, Each on her broomstick astride, astride, Silent and swift in their airy flight Up and down they'll go in the cold, dark night.

And the wind will sob, and shriek, and moan; The great trees shudder, and shake, and groan.

The moon will hide in the cloudy sky; In the dark forest the bats will fly.

And owls will hoot, and wolves will howl; And green-eyed cats in the shadows prow.

Tonight the witches will ride will ride, Each on her broomstick astride, astride.

Three Hallowe'en parties were held here at Fanwood last week.

The first was given by employees of the school and was held in the Pupils' Reception room, and was a very enjoyable affair.

The second was for the Kindergarten, and the following account of the affair is given to show that the "Kiddies," as the older pupils call the Kindergarten pupils, were given a fine entertainment.

Under the guidance of the directress and teachers of the Kindergarten department, the little tots to the number of over one hundred, had their own special Hallowe'en celebration on Wednesday morning, October 31st, in room 7 of the Academic Building. It was a very enjoyable affair, and the children enjoyed every moment of it.

The room was gaily and tastefully decorated, the walls displaying witches, spooks, goblins, cats, Jack O'Lanterns, and all the other mysteries attending such a weird occasion, while from the central electric light chandeliers hung festoons of bright-colored streamers. The children were in full accord with their celebration, and wore head-dresses and caps of quaint designs, the costumes of the participants being both appropriate and attractive.

A delighted audience, including Principal and Mrs. Gardner, teachers, and members of the house hold enjoyed a novel and interesting program which was gone through by the children. First entered "Jack O'Lantern" boys and girls who greeted the company and extended a welcome. They were followed by a huge "Jack," all lit up, which held the place of honor during the exercises. As

the light showed the way, this seemed to embody the "Bandits," who entered and sought to hold up "Two Little Witches," but were routed by the arrival of the Hallowe'en Boys." All were then thrilled by the appearance of a veritable "Giant," over six feet tall, from whom the little ones hid their heads in fear. He was evidently the body guard of a real, live "Witch," with broomstick, cat, basket, crook, 'n everything.

There was an apple-eating contest in which all seemed to wish to take part, but were more than content with the cookies and lollypops the "Witch" generously distributed from her huge basket. It was the merriest band of happy children we have seen in a long time. Much credit is due to the teachers for this entertainment. The designing and making of the decorations and costumes showed rare skill and taste, while the presentation of the program in such an excellent manner was creditable alike to the children and to those who teach and train them. The Art pupils and the Cooking class girls also gave generous aid in bringing the "Show" to a happy conclusion.

The third party was given by the Fanwood Athletic Association, but was under the auspices of the Fanwood Literary Association, and was held in the Girls' Study Room on Thursday evening, November 1st. The program included a grand march, various parlor games, dancing, and refreshments. Prizes were awarded for grasping coins from electric charged water and the winners were: Eleanor Olivari, Stella Marshall, Mollie Adelman, Rose Ortner, Viola Schwing, Ethel Koblenz, Emma Jacobucci and Marie Balassoni.

"FINGERS."

On the evening of Friday, November 2d, the members of the Fanwood Literary Association enjoyed a rare treat in the presentation by the Big Brothers Movement of the Knickerbocker Boy Players in "Fingers," a four act play of boy life in New York City. Dr. Fox interpreted the play between the acts so that the members were able to follow the play through understandingly.

The story is about a group of schoolboys in New York, who have formed themselves into a Club for mutual betterment, and the first act shows them assembled for a business meeting in charge of Dick, President of the Club. The part of the Club Director, Mr. Grey, was played by Mr. Guy Wilson, a newspaper writer, who wrote the play and trained all the actors.

In the midst of the meeting a policeman's whistle draws all the boys out of the room, and while they are out a strange boy enters stealthily. He notices longingly some silver cups, and as the boys return he assumes a look of casual inquisitiveness. He is invited to remain, and toward the end of the act it turns out he is wanted by the police as "Raffles, the Boy Crook." He turns over to Mr. Grey a wallet he had stolen, and boasts of being a safe robber who can open a safe merely by listening to the tumblers fall. The boys turn their backs on him, and he tells them that being the son of a crook he never had a chance to be anything but a thief. The boys tell him he should use his delicate fingers in doing good rather than thievery.

It is found that the wallet belongs to Mr. Norton, who is the financial backer of the club. The boys, however feel that "Fingers" has not had a fair chance to reform, make him a member of the club, and when the police arrive Dick tells officer Kelly that there was no body there but members of the club.

One of the boys is sent to ask Mr. Norton to take "Fingers" as his little brother. Another comes in with the report that Mrs. Miller, a poor woman living up stairs, was crying, fearing that Mr. Snyder, the landlord, was going to evict her for non-payment of rent.

Mr. Snyder comes to to collect the club rent, and "Fingers" inquires if he could put Mrs. Miller out if he did not have a contract. He replies that he has a contract. As Mr. Snyder is reading a paper, Fingers stealthily takes the lease out of its envelope and substitutes a piece from a newspaper. Later Fingers tears up the lease saying his last crooked act was his first kind deed. Mr. Norton sends word he will take "Fingers" as his little brother, and the boys promise to help him make good.

The boys arrange a surprise party for "Skeeter," a fresh boy, but a favorite, and while the party is going on word comes that Skeeter's father has been killed. All are sadly upset, and the party breaks up. Meanwhile a home has been found for "Fingers" with Mr. and Mrs. Fleming on Long Island. As Skeeter's only living relative is his uncle, a drug addict, arrangements are made for the little fellow to go to an orphan asylum. He is down east at the prospect. The boys come to say good bye to Skeeter and present him a number of gifts, marbles, knife, radio, dog and a pair of dice. In the midst of the leave-taking a message announces that "Fingers" has run away from the Flemings, and while Skeeter is

sitting dejectedly alone in the club room, Fingers enters wearily, dusty and ragged and staggers over to greet Skeeter in farewell. He is discovered by Mr. Grey and the boys on their return, and Mr. Grey accuses him of failing to make good. The boys all urge Fingers not to go crooked again.

A message from Mr. and Mrs. Fleming tell of Fingers running away, and encloses a note left by him saying his life had been happy with them, but as Skeeter is to be sent to an orphan asylum, Fingers is leaving so that they may possibly take Skeeter in his place. Mr. Grey announces another note from Mr. Norton stating that the Flemings are sending their auto into New York to get Fingers and directing that Skeeter be sent back with Fingers as the Flemings will take both as their adopted sons. And so the play ends happily.

The piece was well staged, and was acted naturally and convincingly. There were songs, dances, and local quips interspersed, so that in all we had a very pleasant and profitable evening; the play had a moral, an impressive lesson, showing that in spite of environment and wrong training, there is hope when once we determine to follow the straight path of an honorable and correct mode of life.

Our Band rendered several selections before the play, and were applauded, and at the conclusion Prof. W. G. Jones in his clear forceful signs, which the Professor alone is able to make, entertained, not only the Big Brothers present, but the whole assembly in rendering in signs names of animals such as bear, lion, monkey, etc., and wound up with the boy who had a tooth "pulled."

Principal Gardner concluded the affair by saying a few words concerning the evening entertainment, which he said was a very enjoyable and entertaining.

Before the pupils were dismissed a standing rousing vote of thanks and deafening applause was given to the Big Brothers and the players by all present.

Prof. William George Jones, on Thursday, November 1st, was very much surprised to learn that last July he became a great grandfather. The four month old youngster is the son of Mr. Innis Palmer Lyon, of Baltimore, Md., and has been named Joan Hamilton. Of course, Prof Jones has been congratulated by every body, as he is the only one of the teaching staff, or any body else in the Institution for that matter, to attain the distinction of great grandfather. He should be awarded a cup—yes, he should, but what could he do with a cup, for in these days of Prohibition cups of the kind we have in mind are not very much in demand, besides Prof. Jones is an abstainer, therefore the best his friends can wish him is to see him live to be a great great grandfather. By the way the Professor is 72 years young, and yet as frisky one much younger.

On Saturday evening, November 3d, the Senior Basket-Ball Five accompanied by Manager Lux, went down to the city and played their first game with the Clark House. Our boys did pretty well, but were beaten by a score of 24 to 13. We would like to describe the fine play of the players, but space forbids. Suffice to say that the score does not fully describe the game as was witnessed by the big crowd present.

The line up and summary is here appended:

CLARK HOUSE	POS.	FANWOOD
M. Sank	R. F.	Shafrenak
N. Darlowitz	C. F.	Kerna
L. Loeffler (Capt.)	C. F.	Pokorny (Capt.)
Glenmark	R. G.	Mazzola
Lerner	L. G.	McCarthy

Summary—Substitutes—Sera for Sank, Beata for Glenmark, Denmark for Lerner, Cernig for Shafrenak. Field goals—Shafrenak, 3; Kerwin, 1; Pokorny, 2; Sank, 1; Stern, 2; Darlowitz, 3; Loeffler, 3; Hornstein, 1; Lerner, 1. Fouls—Shafrenak, 1 out of 3; Pokorny, 1 out of 3; Darlowitz, 2 out of 4; Loeffler, 2 out of 5. Referee—Mr. H. C. Yoxa. 1 timekeeper—Mr. Gelles. Scorer—Cadet Captain Robert Fitting. Time—Twenty minutes halves.

Saturday evening, October 20th, an enjoyable birthday party was given in honor of Mrs. Evelyn Hills (nee Miss Evelyn Carroll), formerly of this school. Those present were Cadets Clarence Madison and William Nixon and other friends from different States.

The writer of this column met Mr. Lester Cahill, a '23 graduate of this school, on the platform of the 145th Street Station. He wanted to know concerning the battalion, the Fanwood Athletic Association and the Fanwood Literary Association, etc.

Mr. John Cail, of Georgia, accompanied by Cadet Captain Joseph Mazzola was shown through the Institution on Monday afternoon, October 28th.

The Girl's Basket Ball Tournament started on Tuesday, October 29th, at 4:15 P. M. There were two games. Smiths clashed with Gallandet, and Referee Miss Helen Scott gave the ball to Principal Isaac B. Gardner, who tossed it up. The score was 14 to 2 in favor of the Smiths. In the second game Brynmawrs had for opponent the Vassars. The Brynmawrs were victorious by the score of 10 to 1.

ROBERT AND RUDOLPH.

The Annual Masquerade Ball

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
DETROIT DIVISION, No. 2
N. F. S. D.

At the G. A. R. Building
Grand River Ave., cor. Cass, 4th floor
(opposite the Detroit Creamery Co. Bldg.)

Saturday Evening, Nov. 10, 1923

Music — Cash Prizes — Refreshments

Tickets, (including wardrobe) 60c.

S. A. GOTH, Chairman
Walter E. Carl Chas. E. Drake
John D. Ulrich City & V. Ozler
Arthur Oak Alex. Lohsinger
Fred Affelt Clyde R. Barnett
Rudolph Huhn Eli Blumenthal

A Laugh from Beginning to End

MR JIGGS

An Original Comedy
From the celebrated Cartoons
"Bringing up Father."

AT ST. ANN'S CHURCH

511 West 148th Street
NEW YORK CITY

Saturday Evening,
December 8, 1923

ADMISSION, . . . 35 CENTS
RESERVED SEATS . . . 50 CENTS

INVESTMENT BONDS

Paying 4% to 8% per annum
DENOMINATIONS IN
\$100 \$500 \$1000
Interest payable semi-annually

Preferred Stocks of high-grade quality. You can buy 1, 2, 3, 5, or 10 shares from \$87.50 up per share, paying 6% and 7% per annum.

Checks for dividends mailed every three months.

Enquiries invited.

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Buy Christmas Seals



Fight Tuberculosis

Wanted
Room for a business woman, convenient to Subway, modern home privileges. Reasonable. Address: S. Care DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.
The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.
Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.
Miss Mattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.
Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Woman's Guild, First Wednesdays, 2:00 P.M.
Lectures, Third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.
Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 8:00 P.M.
Special services, lectures, socials and other events indicated on annual program card and duly announced.
You are cordially invited and urged to attend. Tell and bring your friends.

BASKETBALL & DANCE

GIVEN BY THE

Deaf-Mutes' Union League

AT THE

Twenty-second Engineer's Armory

Broadway and 168th Street

Saturday Evening, January 5, 1924

DOORS OPEN AT 7 30 P.M.

TICKETS, (Including Tax) - 75 CENTS

[Particulars later]

\$50 IN CASH PRIZES \$50

FOR ORIGINAL COSTUMES

GRAND MASK BALL

— OF —

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 19th, 1924

AT BRONX CASTLE HALL

149th Street and Walton Avenue
Above Mott Avenue Subway Station

TICKETS
ONE DOLLAR

MUSIC BY
IMPERIAL ORCHESTRA

LARGE FRAT PENNANT TO DIVISION
MOSTLY REPRESENTED

(Division Members will please write their name and Division on back of ticket)

COMMITTEE

Jack M. Ebin, Chairman
Fred C. Berger Louis Saracine William J. Hansen
Edward J. Malloy Joseph Collins Edward J. Zearo
Frank Rubano

15th ANNIVERSARY

MASQUERADE & BALL

under the auspices of

Brooklyn Division No. 23

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

Saturday Eve February 2d 1924

(Particulars Later.)

GRAND BAZAAR

auspices of the Ladies of

The Hebrew Association of the Deaf

— AT —

S. W. J. D. BUILDING

40-44 West 115th Street

Wednesday evening, - December 12th
Thursday " - " 13th
Saturday " - " 15th
Sunday p.m. & " - " 16th

PROCEEDS FOR THE BUILDING FUND
Please Come!

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

Mrs. Moses W. Loew, Chairman
Mrs. Henry Plapinger, Vice-Chairman
Mrs. Joseph C. Starik, Secretary
Mrs. Adl Flegerhelmer, Treasurer
Mrs. Marcus L. Kenner
Mrs. David Wasserman
Mrs. Max Miller
Mrs. Samuel Greenberg
Mrs. Seymour Gomprecht
Miss Annie Hamburger
Mr. Lester J. Hyams

RESERVED FOR THE NEW YORK BRANCH N. A. D.

Saturday Night, March 1, 1924

Particular Later

SECOND

ANNUAL

EUCHRE AND RECEPTION

GIVEN BY

New York Council No. 2

KNIGHTS AND LADIES OF DE L'EPPE

AT ST. FRANCIS XAVIER HALL

123 West 17th St., Bet. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y. City

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1923

Prizes for Players and Non Players. Cards at 8:15 P.M.

ADMISSION 50c EACH
With Ticket Without Ticket
75c EACH

Show this to your friends. Tell them they can obtain tickets from any member, or address the Chairman,

W. F. DALY,
Box 1, College Point, L. I.

FIRST

ANNUAL

FAIR

St. Thomas' Mission to the Deaf

NEWARK, N. J.

Proceeds for the Building Fund

EAGLES' HALL—28 East Park Street

November 8th, 9th and 10th

Thursday—Opening of the Fair by a prominent gentleman, at 3 P.M. Scotch Troupe in the evening.

Friday—Whist and Pinochle Party for prizes.

Saturday—Open at 1 P.M. Music and dance in the evening. Special refreshments from 5 P.M.

R. M. ROBERTSON, General Chairman

Mrs. T. Little Mrs. R. Robertson Mr. W. Pease
Mrs. W. Pease Mrs. J. Ward Mr. C. Casella
Mrs. F. Hering Mrs. C. Casella Mr. F. Hering
Mrs. G. Witschies Mrs. F. Hoppaugh Mr. A. L. Thomas
Mr. F. Hoppaugh Mr. G. H. Hummel.

To REACH THE HALL—From New York and Jersey City: Take Hudson and Vanhatten tube to Newark, and walk one block along Park Place to East Park Street.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

NO BALL ON DECEMBER 1, 1923.

"The Lyceum" in which we would have held our Ball, notified us that this building will be closed immediately by order of the Building Department on account of structural faults.

We regret very much that our affair of December 1st, is called off till further notice.

Any tickets that have been sold will be refunded immediately.

Please inform your friends that there will be no Ball on December 1st, under our auspices.

MOSES W. LOEW, Chairman,
Committee on Arrangements.
Manhattan Division, No. 87, N. F. S. D.

MASQUERADE BALL

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Jersey City Division, No. 91

N. F. S. D.

— AT —

PALACE GARDEN

412 WASHINGTON ST., HOBOKEN, N. J.

Saturday Evening, February 16, 1924

Particulars Later.

ATLANTA CONVENTION

N. A. D. FILMS

AND

SOCIAL

"SUDDEN JIM"—5 reel, Featuring Charles Ray and a Comedy

under auspices of

GREATER NEW YORK BRANCH,
N. A. D.

Wednesday evening,
November 28th, 1923
(Thanksgiving Eve)

AT THE S. W. J. D. BUILDING
40-44 West 115th Street

ADMISSION, . . . 25 CENTS

CHRISTMAS SALE

AND BAZAAR

for the benefit of

St. Elizabeth's Home for Deaf
Working Girls

to be held

The Home, 226 East 15th Street,
New York

Friday, Saturday and Sunday,
December 14th, 15th and 16th.

Three Days only, 7:30 to 10 P.M.

Useful and fancy Articles of
every Description, suitable
for Christmas Gifts.

Refreshments Dancing

Admission, . . . 10 cents

W. P. A. S.

Will present an

Advertisement Tableaux

On Saturday, November 17, 1923

— AT —

St. Ann's Church

511 West 148th Street

TICKETS, . . . 35 CENTS

Refreshments on Sale

Theatrical Entertainment

GIVEN BY THE

BLUE BIRD CLUB

— AT —

S. W. J. D. BUILDING

40-44 West 115th Street

(Net proceeds to H. A. D. Building Fund)

Saturday Evening,

February 16, 1924

Rebecca Champagne, Chairman

[Particulars later]

H. RIDER HAGGARD'S

"CLEOPATRA"

A READING BY

THE REV. JOHN HENRY KENT

AT

ST. ANN'S GUILD HALL

511 West 148th Street

Saturday, January 26, 1924.

ADMISSION . . . 25 CENTS

Proceeds to the Stage Improvement Fund

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111 Broadway, N. Y.

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SOUVENIR

of Atlanta 1923, a panorama group of 125 "Frat Brothers" in attendance at the N. A. D. meeting.

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National Fraternal Society of the Deaf—Organized for the convenience of those members living in the Borough of Manhattan, New York City, and this Division is well equipped for the admission of new members of good health and good character, and is prepared to provide excellent social pastimes. Among the advantages of this membership is the low rate of insurance and relief in sick and accident cases. It meets on the first Monday of each month at the "Hollywood," 41 West 124th Street. The President is Samuel Frankenstein and the Treasurer is Charles Shatzkin. Address all communications to the Secretary, Y. R. Anderson, 1518 Commonwealth Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. 7-23-24.

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The object of the Society is the social, recreative and intellectual advancement of its members. Stated meetings are held on the second Thursdays of every month at 8:15 P.M. Members are present for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles, are always welcome. A. Souvelus, President; S. Lowenbush, Secretary. Address all communications to 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

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Ephphra Sodality Association
(Sick Benefit Society) meets First Sunday of each month at 4 P.M. William A. Lucas, Secretary, 6034 St. Lawrence Ave., Chicago.

Chicago Council, No. 1, Knights and Ladies De L'Eppe, Inc. National Organization for Catholic Deaf (Sick and Death Benefit) meets Third Sunday at 3 P.M. of each month during winter and second Friday at 8 P.M. during summer. May Katen, Council Secretary, 3934 W. Grenshaw St., Chicago.

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